

# Miscellaneous Cabinet.

NON QUO, SED QUOMODO.

VOL. I.] SCHENECTADY, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 27, 1823. [NO. 12.

## FEMALE EDUCATION.

The translator has seen fit to pass over the fourth article entirely. Probably it treats of subjects that have no proper relation to the daughters of America; or, the sentiments contained in it may be so contrary to her own that she could not think herself justifiable in promulgating them. However this may be, in copying her translation, we have thought best to omit the few words said in the commencement of the fifth article, on the totally useless acquirement of *dancing*. The amiable author's opinion that it will help those young ladies who are good for nothing else to *get husbands*, is of no weight at all with us in this part of the world; and this is the only reason she gives why the art should be cultivated.

### ARTICLE V.

*What are the talents which most contribute to render a female agreeable?*

*Music and painting*, when one has a disposition to cultivate them, offer to females a pleasant occupation for their leisure hours.—These arts are very useful also to persons who have neither understanding nor taste for higher attainments. They sometimes hold, in society, the place of genius: but it is necessary for this, that they should be possessed in a considerable degree of excellence.

In music, especially for those who can make but little progress, I prefer *vocal to instrumental*. Sweet words, sung with taste, always give pleasure, and cherish an amiable spirit.

The *voice* is an instrument always in accord, which one can always carry about with her, and take up and quit, twenty times in a day, without the least inconvenience.

This idea recalls to my mind an example in point.

A young lady, amiable in her disposition and manners, had the unhappiness to be *sacrificed* by her relations to a man of great wealth, but of violent temper. He was subject to frequent exacerbations of anger, which were followed by fits of sullenness and spleen.

On these occasions, if any one spoke to him he was sure to give an ill-natured or passionate reply; and yet, if great attention was not paid to him, he complained of being abandoned by all the world.

His wife had a sweet voice, and knew that her husband was passionately fond of music. Whenever she saw him sullen or sad, she be-

gan to sing the airs she knew he loved to hear.

If she was fortunate enough to fix his attention, she then attempted to converse. If he replied not, or replied harshly, instead of re- criminating, she sang again the most soothing and tender words, and thus, by alternately singing and conversing, she at length succeeded in dissipating the ill humour of her husband.

By this means, she not only avoided quarrels, but really succeeded in softening the disposition of her husband. He found it ineffectual to try to be harsh, when his most violent expressions of anger received no other reply, than some sweet and soothing song, chaunted by the voice of his young and beautiful wife.

By degrees, his exacerbations of passion became less frequent as well as less violent, until at length he became amiable, and worthy of such a wife.

Thus was her own existence, and that of her husband, rendered less unhappy by the exercise of a talent of which few are entirely destitute.

Of instruments, I prefer the harp to the piano forte, as being at once more graceful, and uniting more intimately with the female voice.

To be seated upright, with both hands placed horizontally on the keys, is not, by any means, a graceful attitude; and the piano, though a superb instrument in the hands of a musician, is seldom so pleasing under the performance of a female of limited science, and small talent, as an instrument less complicated, and which has less the appearance of art.

If nature has been sparing in the bestowal of musical talent, she is not less so in that of *painting*.

Every woman cannot pretend to become a Madame Le Brun, or an Angelica Kauffman, and when a young lady whom nature never intended for a painter, spends five or six years in drawing heads, arms, hands and feet, what does she know?

Drawing, nevertheless, is a desirable accomplishment. It gives correctness and facility to the hand, and improves the taste. I would not, therefore, have it entirely overlooked in the education of a young lady, even though she should discover but moderate talents for the art.

If but little progress can be made, that little may be confined to fruits and flowers.

Flower painting, if accompanied with some knowledge of botany, is certainly one of the



most pleasing occupations in which a lady can be engaged.

It serves also to make them correct in many of those works of fancy in which females love to be employed, and gives neatness and exactitude to embroidery.

One charming talent must not be forgotten, which is seldom estimated according to its value; I mean *good reading*. To be able to give to each word its true pronunciation, and each phrase its proper emphasis and expression, is certainly a charming accomplishment.

Nothing can be more delightful than to make one of a little family party, in the winter evenings, while some of the works of genius are read, and such remarks made as the subject may dictate, without pretensions to criticism, and without malice; but one can neither enjoy nor contribute to this pleasure without knowing how to read well.

There are also many little minute accomplishments necessary for a lady to possess, which can only be acquired in good company.

Great knowledge is not necessary to the art of pleasing.

If not designed for artists, it is sufficient to have a cultivated taste, a sound judgment, and an enlightened understanding.

A taste for any of the fine arts, seems to give an additional charm to the society of a fine woman, but independent of the pleasure it confers on others, it opens many new sources of happiness to herself.

Society will certainly have higher pleasures, if she knows how to appreciate that which makes the charm of society, to be able to relish fine music, painting or poetry, though she may not have been distinguished by nature with a genius to excel in either.

A mistake is often made between genius and taste, and many are deterred from cultivating the latter from a persuasion that nature has denied the former to them. Both, it is true, are in some sense the gift of nature, but the latter is is often a gem concealed in a casket, which cultivation must unlock before its beauties can be admired. Taste does not imply strong powers of execution, but by proper cultivation it may be raised to a degree of excellence that will at least prevent actual faults in a performance; and where no great powers of genius exist, a cultivated taste will often lead to better execution than genius alone can ever arrive at.

I have seldom known *women of genius* who were pleasing domestic companions.—Not that it is a necessary consequence of strong mental powers to render their possessor unamiable, or regardless of domestic duties; but where there is a consciousness of superior natural endowments, there is, so often, a neglect of those minute attentions

and little civilities which constitute a great portion of the happiness of society.

The ordinary effect of study, on those who give themselves up entirely to it, is to make them indifferent to every thing which is not science. Having neither the time nor inclination to observe passing occurrences, they are often ignorant of the most common usages of society. Like a stranger who travels through a country of whose language he is ignorant, the man of genius, in society, often commits mistakes ridiculous enough, to those who do not properly estimate his character.

This *piquante* originality of such a character is sometimes pleasing in a man, but always ridiculous in a woman. She must know how to bend her mind to all kinds of conversation, and stooping from the lofty heights of imagination and poetry, she should be able to sustain, with equal grace and good humour, the *chit-chat* of the drawing-room, *where one can talk much, and yet say nothing*.

Notwithstanding all I have said, I believe there is no earthly happiness so perfect, as that which results from intellectual improvement, and the most to be envied of all men are they who, from native taste, deliver themselves up to the pursuits of literature.

They live in the midst of an ideal world, and surrounded by the brilliant falsehoods of a poetical imagination. But if heaven is sparing of a gift so precious as genius, this should neither be a subject of jealousy or regret, since, for the most part, persons celebrated for their talents have been equally so for their misfortunes. Their history is that of human misery: and from old blind Homer, who begged his bread as he chanted his verses, to the English Chatterton, who perished with hunger, the fate of genius has been uniformly severe.

Their pleasures are imaginary, but their sorrows are real; and he who is successful in the pursuit of fame, sometimes suffers for bread.

I make these remarks, not to depreciate the value of genius, but to reconcile the mind of my young readers to that allotment of Providence which has distinguished one individual so highly above another in the scale of intellect, and to prove that the balance of happiness is nearly equal.

## ORTHOEPY.

FOR THE MISCELLANEOUS CABINET.

### NO. IV.

I am happy in being able to resume my pen this week in perfect cool blood. For although, since my last, I have been annoyed by many erroneous and some barbarous pronunciations, I have not been absolutely frightened during



the whole week—by the bye, I have not seen much company.

Not long since, in the Dutch Church in this city, I heard a man preach, (a great man too, and the son of a great man,) who most pertinaciously persisted, throughout the whole of his most excellent discourse, in *shoeing* and *shooting* every word and syllable which he could derive from the verbs *to sue* and *to suit*—thus instead of pursue, ensue, pursuit, suitable, &c. we had *purshoe*, *enshoe*, *purshoot*, *shootable*, &c. &c. Thinks I to myself, my dear sir, you render yourself a *shootable* subject for the hypercritick's bow-and-arrow. Now am I not chargeable with virtual murder *with malice prepense*?

The fact happens to be,

As all standards agree,  
that all words derived for these two roots, are pronounced *plainly* and *simply*, as any plain man, devoid of *affectation* would pronounce them.

In a few instances, where the *French* have a word to say, the *s* before *ui* makes the *u* sound like *w*—for instance, *suite* is pronounced *sweet*; and *pursuivant* is pronounced *purswe-vant*.

Yours, &c. TIM TONGUE.

P. S. Why, in the name of decency, do you keep that *hard word* stuck up for a sign over my communications every week? Among all that have ventured to attempt the pronunciation of it, I have not heard a single man pronounce it correctly—not even in college!—where they jabber Greek.

## DESULTORY.

### CAUTION TO LOVERS.

'Tis gloomy, yet 'tis sweet to meditate  
On youthful scenes, and on a wintry day,  
To sit around the cheering fire, and hear  
The mournful story of past years.

Near the banks of a beautiful stream, which waters the low lands of C—— there is a great ascent whose summit is shaded by a grove of small and flourishing maples. The scenery, over which the eye passes from that elevation, is at once grand, and beautifully romantic. I frequently visited this delightful spot, just as the sun appeared above the distant mountains which skirted the eastern horizon. As I ascended by the agreeable windings of a footpath bordered with flowers of exquisite beauty, whose fragrance at such an hour, served to exhilarate my spirits, I often stopped to listen to the soft notes, which were warbled by the bird of the morning, and to be

fanned by the cool breeze that added another charm to this garden of Paradise. Having finished my walk, I seated myself on a stone, which, from its appearance, had long been the resting place of nature's admirers, that I might indulge my fancy with visions which the landscape below, smiling in vernal beauty, was calculated to afford. The still meandering stream—the flocks awaking from the rest of night—the tall poplars that waved along the village walk, and the dazzling splendours which just began to glance from the church minaret would arrest the eye, and give play to the imagination of those whose minds are least affected with the contemplations of nature's works. The natural effect of such a prospect was, to direct my thoughts to Him who had "meted out nature with a span." I loved to trace in every beauty the marks of an Almighty and designing mind, and no place was so well adapted to the discovery of new traits in the divine character as *Castle hill*. Hours have imperceptibly stolen away while I have been engaged in surveying the beauties which clustered so thick around me, and it was always with reluctance that I rose to descend.—When I returned, the silence which before was interrupted only by the notes of a solitary bird, was disturbed by the mingled harmony of thousands. The flowers, before bending beneath the drops of night, were dried by the influence of the morning sun, and nature, before so tranquil, was enlivened by the hum of an awakened creation.

It was almost mid-summer, and the scenery, though changed from its vernal bloom, was not the less beautiful when I ascended the enchanting eminence at an uncommon early hour. As I approached the summit a strain of peculiar sweetness fell on my ear, and I heard distinctly the following couplet.

"The arm of friendship ne'er could save  
For wild flowers deck her lovely grave."

This is the dirge of past joys, thought I, as unconsciously I drew near the place from which the voice proceeded—this is the eulogium of departed worth. I could not recognize his features, but the starlight enabled me to discover the pallid countenance of a youth, fast verging to "the land of silence"—he had the consumption. He manifested no agitation at my appearance, and invited me to a seat by his side. As he gave me his of the soiled hand, he exclaimed, that b'jes this world, suns would invigorate his frameo nothing: In the story of his misfortunes, the rapt spirit said he," and perhaps not wrought for pre-  
ing." ale, wound up as

"Yonder mansion," (poinspiration, to the whose snow white surface waed state—the last the reflections of starlight,) age from mortal was the residence of Charlowinking of an e-  
ut-victory snail



with my father, whose dwelling is situated at the foot of that elevated hill, she was my constant companion. Her manners were winning and her education refined. Her beauty gained many admirers, but there was one only who was possessed of her affections, and he endeavoured to render himself worthy of them.—The chrystal stream which winds along at the foot of this hill, often lured us from our path, to gather the flowers which bloomed on its banks. Nor did we forget the eminence on which we are now seated; for here we used to regale ourselves with the delicious scenery which it affords. Nearly two years since, at her request, I left home to spend a few months with a distant friend, thinking that so short an absence would tend only to show us the ardor of our attachment. Little did we imagine that it would be attended with such consequences as the event has discovered! For several weeks our correspondence was of the most interesting kind. The simplicity—the elegance—and the taste displayed in the letters, evinced a superiority of intellect, and added new charms to her character. Up to that period, no cloud had obtruded its shadow on the field of my enjoyment—but the reception of a line from a friend, in whose devotion to my interests, I had ever placed implicit confidence, dashed the cup of happiness from my hand, and withered all my hopes. The letter informed me that Charlotte had offered her hand to a rival, and that the concealment of her designs till the marriage was consummated, was the reason of her continued correspondence with me. None but Heaven knows the feelings with which I was tortured at that time!—I was about to return and reproach her with inconstancy—but no! pride and indignation would not permit. I detested the motives with which I supposed her to be actuated; and if I had returned it might have been only to satisfy my revenge by plunging the dagger in her bosom. Every mail brought me asseverations of her ardent attachment, but I disdained to answer the letters of one, in whose affections another had entwined himself, and who was thus attempting to disguise her real feelings. Her communications arrived regularly for several weeks, and in some of them there was apparently an air of melancholy. The last letter which I received from her, breathed but tenderness, and even her reproaches arrived at my conduct, for which she asserted I could conceive no reason, was the language of the most affecting regretted the alienation of the separation which must inevitably revert to the scenes which had so pleasantly passed—had gone forever, and with happiness, bade me farewell.

I have seldom seen her so often, a neglect

mitted me to read it without any emotion but that of indignation. My reflections on her baseness, hindered me from examining the subject with that candour which its importance demanded.—A year had almost passed when a letter was put into my hands by a stranger. It was from the father of Charlotte. I learned by it that she was in the last stage of a consumption, which my conduct towards her had induced, and that before she died, her only wish was to see the author of her unhappiness. Had the friend in whom I had placed so much confidence deceived me?—The thought was overpowering. Before the expiration of a week I stood by the bed of Charlotte. As I looked on her pale face and sunken eyes, a conviction of injustice flashed upon me, and it was with difficulty that I sustained myself. After an explanation of my conduct, she had only time to lip that she was satisfied, and expired. O the agony of that hour!—The friend who had deceived me had endeavoured to gain the affections of Charlotte; and to effect a disunion between us, had written the letter which has caused so much evil. She was innocent, and I have been instrumental in her death.—The peace of her aged parents, of whom she was the only child, ended with her life. My reflections were like cankers, and have reduced me to my present situation. Edwin has my forgiveness, but the judgments of heaven have overtaken him—he now raves a maniac. Since my return I have regularly visited this hill and returned before the rising of the sun. The rapid decline of my health warns me that I shall visit it but a few times more, and soon the sun which now rises cloudless, shall rise on my tomb.”

As we walked slowly down the hill, nature seemed arrayed in her brightest colours.—Every thing looked gay and beautiful. Even Albert smiled, but the smile was like that which often rests on the lips that are cold in death. He was calm, for Charlotte had forgiven him, and he trusted too in the forgiveness of Heaven. When we parted, it was only for a day. He was to meet me next morning that I might accompany him in his walk. For nearly a week we visited the hill together, and the cord of our friendship strengthened. One morning, having prepared myself for the accustomed walk, I waited for his appearance. The sun began to throw his rays on the distant mountains. Still he did not come. I apprehended the cause, and hastened to his father's. His pulse was feeble, and its fluttering told me that it would soon be still. It was delightful to see him as he stepped into the grave. He had long been weaned from the world, and he trusted in the Saviour who had redeemed him.—The summons for his departure had arrived, and he cheerfully obeyed.—He sleeps in the grave-yard of C——, and



and the green sod covers him. A wide slab of grey marble, on which are sculptured the names of Albert Cunningham and Charlotte Whipple, serve as a monument for both. On one side of the graves may be seen a weeping willow; on the other a flourishing lilac, and in the summer the blue violet springs up from the turf that covers their remains. Many a passing stranger has paused and paid the tribute of a tear at the story of their untimely end.

Excuses for not attending public worship, by *exemplary* Christians:

Overslept myself—could not dress in time. Too cold—too hot—too windy—too dusty—Too wet—too damp—too sunny—too cloudy. Don't feel disposed. No other time to myself. Look over my drawers. Put my papers to rights. Letters to write to my friends.—Taken a dose of physic. Been bled this morning. Mean to walk to the bridge. Going to take a ride. Tied to the store six days in a week. No fresh air but on Sunday. Can't breathe in church, always so full. Feel a little lazy. Expect Company to dinner.—Stump'd my great toe. Got a head-ache.—Caught cold last night at a party. Must watch the servants. Can't leave the house for fear of fire. Servants up to all mischief when I go to church. Intend nursing myself to day.—New bonnet not come home. Tore my muslin dress coming down stairs. Got a new novel, must be returned on Monday morning.—Wasn't shaved in time. Don't like a Liturgy—always praying for the same thing. Don't like extempore prayer—don't know what is coming. Don't like an organ—it's too noisy. Don't like singing without music—makes me nervous. Can't sit in a draft of air—windows or door open in summer. Stove so hot in winter, always get a head-ache. Can't bear an extempore sermon—too frothy. Dislike a written sermon—too prosing. Nobody to-day but our own minister. Can't always listen to the same preacher. Don't like strangers—too bombastical. Can't keep awake when at church. Snored aloud last time I was there—shan't risk it again. Tired to death standing to pray. Hate to kneel—makes my knees stiff. Mean to inquire of some sensible person about the propriety of going to so public a place as church. Will publish the result.

#### CHRISTIANITY

#### A PRACTICAL PRINCIPLE.

BY HANNAH MORE.

It will be the endeavour of the sincere christian, to illustrate his devotions in the morning by his actions during the day. He will try to make his conduct a practical exposition of the divine prayer which made a part of them. He will desire "to hallow the name of God," to

promote the enlargement and "the coming" of the "kingdom" of Christ. He will endeavour to do and to suffer his whole will; "to forgive" as he himself trusts that he is forgiven. He will resolve to avoid that temptation into which he had been praying "not to be led;" and he will labour to shun the "evil" from which he had been begging to be "delivered." He thus makes his prayers as practical as the other parts of his religion, and labours to render his conduct as spiritual as his prayers. The commentary and the text are of reciprocal application.

If this gracious Saviour has left us a perfect model for our devotion in his prayer, he has left a model no less perfect for our practice in his Sermon. This divine exposition has been sometimes misunderstood. It was not so much a supplement to a defective law, as the restoration of the purity of a perfect law from the corrupt interpretations of its blind expounders. These persons had ceased to consider it as forbidding the principle of sin, and as only forbidding the act. Christ restores it to its original meaning, spreads it out in its due extent, shows the largeness of its dimensions and the spirit of its institution. He unfolds all its motions, tendencies and relations. Not contenting himself, as human legislators are obliged to do, to prohibit a man the act which is injurious to others, but the inward temper which is prejudicial to himself.

There cannot be a more striking instance, how emphatically every doctrine of the gospel has a reference to practical goodness, than is exhibited by St. Paul in that magnificent picture of the resurrection, in his Epistle to the Corinthians, which our church has happily selected, for the consolation of survivors at the last closing scene of mortality. After an inference as triumphant, as it is logical, that because "Christ is risen, we shall rise also;" after the most philosophical illustration of raising of the body from the dust, by the process of grain sown in the earth, and springing up into a new mode of existence; after describing the subjugation of all things to the Redeemer, and his laying down the mediatorial kingdom: after sketching with a seraph's pencil, the relative glories of the celestial and terrestrial bodies; after exhausting the grandest images of created nature, and the dissolution of nature itself; after such a display of the solemnities of the great day, as makes this world, and all its concerns shrink into nothing: In such a moment, when, if ever, the rapt spirit might be supposed too highly wrought for precept and admonition, the apostle, wound up as he was, by the energies of inspiration, to the immediate view of the glorified state—the last trumpet sounding—the change from mortal to immortality effected in the twinkling of an eye—the sting of death drawn out—victory snatched



ed from the grave—then, by a turn as surprising as it is beautiful, he draws a conclusion as unexpectedly practical as his premises were grand and awful: “*Therefore, my beloved brethren, be ye stedfast, unmovable; always abounding in the work of the Lord.*” Then at once, by another quick transition, resorting from the duty to the reward, and winding up the whole with an argument as powerful as his rhetoric had been sublime, he adds—“*Forasmuch as ye know that your labour is not vain in the Lord.*”

### MASONICK.

The following is another extract from the address delivered, on the 24th of June last, by *James G. Brooks Esq.* to the members of Solomon's Lodge, Poughkeepsie, on the anniversary of John Baptist.

“I have said that one of the objects of Masonry, is to unite the world in a bond of love. But this is not all. She not only extends the friendly hand—she hath also her banner and her sword. The storm of war hath shaken that banner—blood hath crimsoned that sword. But never has her cross been upreared in the cause of injustice. It was for the pure faith that her warriors bled—it was against the shield of oppression that her spear rattled. In the eleventh century, fierce convulsions agitated the eastern world. A destroying lion rushed down from the mountains of Imaus, and shook his mane in red triumph. The victorious Saladin reared the Saracen's crescent on the turrets of the holy city, and stretched his subduing arm afar over hill and valley. But a cloud was gathering in the west, whose shadow threatened to veil the crescent. The dark browed Iberian left the fair banks of his golden river—and the impetuous Gaul poured down from the blue Pyrenees. The white sails of Albion were set on the main, and the shrill horn of the blue eyed German was heard afar from his native vales amidst the sands of Syria. Then the sword of Masonry was unsheathed, and powerful was its blow.—

Bear witness, ye wasted fields of Samaria, ye broken battlements of Askalon, and ye tenantless walls of Jerusalem! Jerusalem! beneath thy bulwarks sleep our valiant of yore.—Century after century hast thou seen the bones of heroes bleaching in decay, while from thy ruined towers the owl hath hooted to her dusky paramour, and the forest lion hath made his lair in the sepulchre of Christ. When the fiery crescent floated in proud and martial defiance—when the temple was broken down—the altar profaned—and the incense extinguished—when

From Naphtali's forest to Galilee's wave,  
The sands of Samar drank the blood of the brave—

then the champions of Masonry were the champions of faith—then the cloud of their numbers rolled, and their shout of vengeance rung through the woods of Palestine. Nor rolled that cloud, nor rose that shout in vain; our gallant Templars and our knights of St. John marched to the trump of triumph, and the red cross of our order waved victorious on Mount Calvary.”

### Science, Arts, &c.

Mr. BELZONI.

This enterprizing traveller, who set out a few months since to explore the interior of Africa, appears by the following extract of a letter to a friend at Cambridge, written on the 5th of May last, to have arrived safely at Fez, on his way to Tombuctoo. We understand that it is his intention, if successful, to proceed to Sennaar, and return by the way of Egypt.

“In the short letter I wrote to you from Tangier, dated the 10th of April, I informed you that I had gained permission from his majesty the emperor of Morocco, to enter his country as far as Fez, and that I had great hopes of obtaining his permission to penetrating further south. I stated also, notwithstanding the great charges upon my purse, *unsupported as I am, and relying entirely upon my own resources*, that nothing should be left undone before I quitted my attempt. I have now great pleasure in acquainting you, my dear friend, of my safe arrival at Fez, after having been detained at Tangier, till a letter had been forwarded from Mr. Douglass, his Britanic majesty's consul at Tangier, to the minister at Fez, to obtain permission from the emperor for me to approach his capital. As soon as a favourable answer was received, we started for this place, and in 10 days arrived here in safety with my *better half*, who having succeeded in persuading me to take her as far as Tangier, has also enforced her influence to proceed to Fez; but this, though much against her will, must be her “*Non plus ultra.*”

“Yesterday, I had the honour to be presented to his majesty the emperor, and was highly gratified with his reception of me. He was acquainted that I had letters of introduction from Mr. Willmot, to the consul in Tangier, from whom I received the greatest hospitality, and who did all in his power to promote my wishes. The fortunate circumstance of my having known the prime minister of his majesty while at Cairo, on his return from Mecca to this country, is also much in my favour; and, though a great deal has been said against my project by the commercial party, who monopolise all the traffic of the interior, I obtained his majesty's permission to join the caravan, which will set out for Tumbuctoo within one month. If nothing should happen,



and if promises are kept, I shall, from this place, cross the mountains of Atlas, to Taflet, where we shall join other parties from various quarters, and from thence, with the help of God, we shall enter the great Sabara, to Timbuctoo. Should I succeed in my attempt, I shall add another *votive tablet* to the temple of fortune; and if, on the contrary, my project should fail, one more name will be added to the many others which have fallen into the river of oblivion. Mrs. Belzoni will remain at Fez, till she hears of my departure from Taflet, which place is 18 or 20 days journey from hence, and as soon as that fact is ascertained she will return to England."

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*From the Utica Gazette.*

Mr. Dunlap's interesting representation of the *Rejection of the Saviour* by the *Chief Priests, Elders, Scribes and People*, is now at the Court Room in this village for exhibition. We believe it has given great and universal satisfaction to all who have seen it. The point of time chosen by the artist for the representation, is when Pilate brought forth Jesus from the *Judgment Hall to the Pavement*, crowned with thorns, and appareled in the mock robes of gorgeous grandeur, with which the malice and derision of *Herod* had arrayed him. The artist has grouped and faithfully represented all the conspicuous actors in that great drama of guilt and treason against the Son of God, excepting only *Judas Iscariot*, whose atrocious and unparalleled wickedness of character might well appal the mind and baffle the powers of any artist. In this picture are displayed all the varieties of human passions. There are to be seen *Pilate* manifesting melancholy forebodings and anxious solicitude; the *Centurion* and his family in sedate and lugubrious contemplation; *Herod* in the pomp and pride of power, with his female retinue and military array; the mother of Jesus in composed and dignified resignation; Peter shedding the bitter tears of remorse and repentance. There also are displayed the idle curiosity of the ignorant and unthinking; the grief of the friends of the Saviour; the confidence and hope of the believers in his divinity; the malice of the priests, and the rage of their deluded followers. The principal characters are easily distinguishable, but time is requisite for the satisfactory examination. When duly studied, the whole is calculated to cause deep feeling and solemn reflections.

It is not often that the citizens of this village have the opportunity to afford themselves, in any similar manner, so much and such useful instruction, and such innocent and pure delight, and it is still more seldom that they can by doing it make themselves useful to so able an artist and so worthy a man. M.

*Method of hardening Gypsum.*—By a letter from James Vine, Esq. to the Geological Society in London, it appears that if gypseous alabaster be heated considerably and then immersed in water, it acquires a degree of hardness so great as to admit of a polish like marble, and may be used for making slabs, and for other economical purposes.

### Summary.

#### HARVARD COLLEGE.

At the commencement in Harvard College, Cambridge, Mass. the degree of Bachelor of Arts was conferred on 35 young gentlemen, & one out of course. The degree of Master of Arts was conferred on 44 gentlemen, and on two out of course. The degree of Doctor in Medicine on 9 gentlemen, and the honorary degree of M. D. on three gentlemen. The degree of Bachelor of Laws was conferred on Andrew Leonard Emerson, A. M. William Kneeland Hedge, A. M. Dr. Cyrus Perkins, of New-York, of Dartmouth Col. was admitted *ad eundem*. The honorary degree of LL. D. on his excellency Wm. Eustis, Hon. Dudley Atkins Tyng, Hon. George Bliss.—Of D. D. on Rev. Charles Lowell, of Boston, and Professor Stewart, of Andover.

*Statesman.*

#### YALE COLLEGE.

The Commencement at this old and distinguished seat of learning, was on the 10th inst. It is said that the occasion drew from all parts of the country, a numerous and intelligent auditory. The exercises are said to have well supported the reputation of the institution.

The class graduated, consisted of 72. The degree of M. D. was conferred on 26; the honorary degree of A. M. on Rev. Jared Andrus of Chaplin, Conn. and Doct. John Torrey, of New-York; the degree of D. D. on Rev. James M. Mathews of New-York; and the degree of LL. D. on James Hillhouse, and Noah Webster, of New-Haven, on Stephen Titus Homer, chief justice of Connecticut, & on Levi Hedge, professor of logic and metaphysics, of Harvard University.

—  
*From the Freeman's Journal.*

*Hartwick Seminary.*—The annual exhibition of this institution, took place on the evening of Tuesday the 26th ult. and proved highly gratifying to a large and intelligent auditory. The young gentlemen who had been selected to take part in the Exercises, acquitted themselves with much credit, and the whole proceedings gave evidence that this valuable Institution deserves the confidence and patronage of the public.



## Poetick Department.

## THE WRECK.

BY DR. PERCIVAL.

From the Commercial Advertiser.

"The plot of the tale before us, is very simple, and has no great pretensions to originality. Indeed, in contrast to "Promethius," our author's earlier poem, simplicity of plot and artlessness of manner, seem to be its characteristic. Two lovers are divided by their parents on account of their unequal condition of life—whereupon the youth leaves his home secretly, and after a long absence, returns to be wrecked in sight of port; and the maiden, finding his body, dies of a broken heart. In this slender plot, like which there are many others which haunt our remembrance, there is nothing very striking—but the manner of conducting it, is made the vehicle of many fine descriptions, and tender and exalted sentiments in poetry, which bear the stamp of a highly gifted and feeling mind.—Take the following as a specimen of the author's power of description. It is a common object, yet genius has here touched it with hues of such vivid reality, that it comes to our minds with all the zest of novelty. It is the rising of a breeze, on the departure of the ship which bears away the lover.

Page, 18, &amp;c.

They looked upon the waters, and below  
Another sky swelled out, thick set with stars,  
And chequered with light clouds, which from the North,  
Came flitting o'er the dim seen hills, and shot  
Like birds across the bay. A distant shade  
Dimmed the clear sheet—it darkened, and it drew  
Nearer. The waveless sea was seen to rise  
In feathery curls, and soon it met the ship,  
And a breeze struck her. Quick the floating sails  
Rose up and drooped again. The wind came on  
Fresher: the curls were waves; the sails were filled  
Tensely; the vessel righted to her course,  
And ploughed the waters; round her prow the foam  
Tossed, and went back along her polished sides,  
And floated off, bounding the rushing wake,  
That seemed to pour in torrents from her stern.  
The wind still freshened, and the sails were stretched  
Till the masts cracked. She bent before its force,  
And dipped her lee side low beneath the waves.  
Straight out she went to sea, as when a hawk  
Darts on a dove, and with a motionless wing  
Cuts the light yielding air. The mountains dipped  
Their dark walls to the waters, and the hills  
Scarce reared their green tops o'er them. One white point,  
On which a light house blazed, alone stood out  
In the broad sea.—

All were glad,

And laughed and shouted, as she darted on,  
And plunged amid the foam, and tossed it high

Over the deck, as when a strong curbed steed  
Flings the froth from him in his eager race.  
All had been dimly star-lit, but the moon  
Late rising, silvered o'er the tossing sea,  
And lighted up its foam-wreaths, and just threw  
One parting glance upon the distant shores.  
They met his eye—the sinking rocks were bright,  
And a clear line of silver marked the hills,  
Where he had said farewell. A sudden tear  
Gushed, and his heart was melted.

## Humour.

## Ladies versus Lawyers.

An intelligent female witness having been much perplexed by a barrister in a long cross examination, happened, in replying, to use the term *humbug*. "Madame," said the man of the law, "you must not talk unintelligibly: what do you mean, what is the court and jury to understand by the word *humbug*?" The lady hesitated. "I must insist, madame," said the barrister, (anticipating victory,) that you proceed no further until you state plainly and openly, what you mean by a *humbug*." "Why, then, sir," returned the lady, "I don't know how better to explain my meaning than by saying that, if I met a company of persons who were *strangers to you*, and should tell them that when they saw you, they might prepare to meet a remarkably handsome, genteel, agreeable looking man—that would be a **HUMBUG**."

However valuable ancestry may be in the eye of a man of family, it is in little estimation among farmers, if we may judge by the reply of a country lad to one who had boasted of his *ancient family*. "So much the worse for thee," said he, "every body knows the older the seed the worse the crop."

Over the door of a house in a village in the west of England, is hung a board with this inscription:—Schooling for little boys and girls at 2d per week; *them as larns manners pays 2d more*.

## A FACT.

At an evening sale of books by auction, a sailor, half seas over, was vociferous and troublesome. The auctioneer, having in vain tried to silence him, proceeded to turn him out.—Jack entreated that he might be permitted to stay long enough to make a bid. "I wo'n't take your bid," said the auctioneer. "You will," said Jack, "for I'll bid you—*adieu*!"

## The Miscellaneous Cabinet

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